











"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!"

What's the Use of Being Blue? There Is a Lot of Luck Left. By Clarence L. Cullen.

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is as Good as Another!

Measure up to the Job!

Draw a Blank!

it's Thrust Upon You!

from the Discard!

Got One!

ment in the Game of Life!

Destiny Enjoys Dishing out Dents to

The Man who's Afraid to Accept the

Responsibility knows that he Doesn't

In the Game of Poker there's a Psychological Moment for "Laying Down'-but there's No Such a Mo-

Back your own Judgment if you Be-lieve it's Good-but don't Bleat if you

Taciturnity is the Armor of the Tact-

The Difference between a Delinquent

and a Deficient is that the Former Knows the Rules but Refuses to Abide

Shun the Scrap-but HIT FIRST when

Many a Winning Hand has been Filled

In his Heart of Hearts no Man "Wosders why he Doesn't Succeed"-Because

Habit loves to Batten on the "I-Am-Going-To-Quit-Some-Day" Man!

We Used to Spend a Lot of Perfectly

Good Time in Envying our Mateys who Lolled Back in Motor Cars-until we

We Fritter Away a Lot of Vitality Fighting the Phantoms of Our Own

LOT of that "Inevitable" Stuff "Has Seen Better Days" that One Day The Salt of the

Whimpering only Adds to the Sting of the Whaling!

Our Jinx loves to have us Be-

When we're Afraid to Take an Inventory of Ourselves, it's a

Eign that we Know there's Something Missing!

Some Men seem to be So Proud of the Fact that they're Quick-Tempered that they Brag About It, but their Dowed Little Wives keep Still!

The Cooky One who Thinks he's Boing to have a Walk-Over doesn't Get ich Sympathy when he's Walloped!

"Out of Condition" Stuff is Away Dut of Date-just Walts to the Centre and Say you Done Got Licked!

Medicine at Best-but it's not Quite so Bad if you Take it out in Thinking!

Wise Worm doesn't "Turn"-h Plays Possum to Keep from Getting Trod on Some More!

The Time to Ask for a Kiss is After you Get It-and that Goes for the Game of Life in General!

It's Hard to Convince the Moaner who Fashioning!

Bessie's Vacation

By Eleanor Schorer



BESSIE'S little basket party in the pines was declared by all her friends | back home to Bob. They made her so unhappy, as she pictured him dining a ripping success. She thought so, too, until her thoughts wandered all alone.

The Day's Good Stories

Hunger of a Prince. A N ENGLISH actor was a member of a company anowhound in the Sierres while en route from California to the Seas, so that they all had a magnificent hunger when the train reached a small station at which there was a restaurant, and the Englishman was the first to find a seat at a table.

"Heing me in a hurry," he said to the landlord, a burty Western man, "a porterhouse steak, some devilled kidneys, a brace of choise, plenty of regulations and two bottles of Bam's bitter beer."

When the Worm Turned.

The Perfect Blend. THER BURBANK, the "winard of hosticulture," is subjected to equatant amonyance at home and abrend by obtrustre and
inquistive arrangers. He was walking on the
street in San Francisco recently when ode of them
setted him by the arm, espitured his reisotant
hand and pumped it rigorousty,
"How are you Burtank? How are you?" he
isquired effusively, "What miracle are you weeking on now?"
"Well—it's a secret," replied the expert, "but
I don't mind telling you. I'm grafting milkweed
on eggplant."

Too Easy!

all the same of all the same of the same o

One of the Three.

EXGOVERNOR PENNYPACKER, discussing the directs still be paided phile, and with a smile;

"In these times one never, as the saying goes, knows shere one is at, An acquaintence of mise extended his hand to me at the Mistorical Society the other day and oried;

"Congretulate me! I am the happing man

"I looked at him doubtfully,
"Engaged, married or quorced?"
ashington star.

When the Worm Turnets.

Sure of the Result.

He Translated It.

The Man in the Brown Derby

| Courties, Fig. 1, The Rabb Mertit Co.] | Courties, Fig. 1, The Rabb Mertit C

I wished; twice as much line as I needed and five times time as I desired. But I had barely nung up the receiver before the telephone pelk rang. The clerk's voice "There's a lady down here," he said,
"who's inquiries for you. Do you wish
to see her?" What is her name?" I asked.

The cierk laughed.
"Another of your mysterious friends,"
he said. "She just wants to know it

you are here, and if she can see you the says her name doesn't matter, I'll admit she's quite respectable, I have her waiting in the parior."
"All right," I replied, "I'll be down

in a minute." She was so bonneted and shawled that

at drst I did not recognize her.
"Well, Mr. Ellsworth," she said, "I
must say, you're a poor correspondent.
"Why, it's Mrs. Lathrop!" I cried.
"What on earth brings you here?" Then

in sudden, stily hope, "riave you heard any news?"
"I should say not. That's why I came in. I couldn't sleep a wink for thinking about you and that young lady, and I looked all this morning for a tele-grain or something from you. Then I just locked up the house and started for on my mind that I was a pretty big to let those rascals fool me. It's enough for a woman to fool a

(A Great Summer) Story of New Yorks

By Wells Hastings #

once in a wing to car something you

once in a wine to car something you can't even promotice. Everyday food is good enough for every cay, out on special occasions even seef is better for being in disastae.

We are with su'n epicarean leisure that we found we had only just a comfortance should be find any subway station was not far ed, and we walked to it through the picasant May evening when we were near it Mrs. Laterop last a name upon my gran.

Ternaps, she said, "I am hypnoticed

a nand open my arm.

"Perhaps," she said, "I am hypnotised with too mises story of saventure and very nkely I am foonish, but it does seem to me, Mr. Elisaorth, as if you were being followed again."

"What makes you frink so?" I asked.

"Well, ever albee we left the board."

"Well, ever since we left the hotel, there has been a man about half a block

have, and then a man about half a block have, who has taken every turn that we have and who has never caught or us or dragged any more behind."

"You may be right," I said. "We shall see as soon as we get into the subway."

So, after descending the stairs, instead of crossing directly to the ticket boots, we stepped aside lifto as angle. Two or three people hurried past us. I was following one of them who my eyes, when accupity Mrs. Lathrop pinched my arm, and I looked up to see the saunt form of the Rev. Mr. Stevens. He stood almost with his back to us, anxiously scanning the piatform. After an agonising sement he moved forward. ment he moved forward.

(To Be Continued.)







By Sullivan